

The Critic²³

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Literature

Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler"*

UP to the end of the third act 'Hedda Gabler' appears a powerful and impressive work, with a regularly developed plot, possessing that element of inevitableness, of predestined catastrophe, which is present in tragedy of the Greek type. The reader believes that he comprehends the character and motives of the wretched woman whose actions determine the course of the play and the fate of its personages. But as the drama tends to its close new traits are added to the portrait which transform its effect to the reader's eye, and force him to readjust his ideas of the character. Details which seemed trivial or irrelevant are now invested with significance; the simplicity which we thought so impressive is found to be spurious; in place of an organic art-work we have a psychological problem, a nut with a bitter kernel. It is the business of the dramatist to take the spectator into his confidence, at least in a measure; Ibsen has not only violated this fundamental rule, but it is difficult to resist the impression that he has deliberately set out to puzzle his readers, preferring to be known as the Scandinavian Sphinx rather than as a writer of good plays.

These, however, are faults of construction; and it is a question of less importance, whether or not Ibsen has concealed his design from his readers with malice aforethought, than whether his own conception, as finally presented, has any dramatic value, or any merit as a study of human nature. On these points, one is at first inclined to cast a vote scarcely favorable to the author. The impulses which have animated the best examples of his previous works are dormant here, and on a first reading we are impelled to judge the drama by artistic standards only. Our first impression is that Ibsen's artistic perceptions, no less than his moral consciousness, have become fatally warped; that the same wrongheadedness which made the 'Wild Duck' so needlessly harrowing has given a base ring to the meanly tragic incidents of 'Hedda Gabler.' These views, however, are succeeded on reflection by a reactionary mood, a critical attitude towards one's own criticism and its underlying assumptions. For 'Hedda Gabler,' like others of Ibsen's dramas, grows upon one's imagination; it is insistent, self-assertive; it will not be put down or set aside. It is a work of genius, which takes on many aspects, like some great fixed object in nature, and remains equally independent of one's likes or dislikes. Hence it seems futile and inadequate to apply none but literary criteria to such a production; and, after all, is it entirely fair? Ibsen does not seek to be judged as a man-of-letters pure and simple; he claims and exercises other functions, and meets us at the outset by a 'plea to the jurisdiction.' *The Critic* has heretofore taken the ground that Ibsen is both less and more than a great dramatic writer. He is the embodiment of anarchical tendencies, a force to be reckoned with in the moral and social sphere; it will not do to overlook or despise him, or to assume that his writings obviously carry their own

* Hedda Gabler. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated by Edmund Gosse. \$1. United States Book Company.

condemnation. It cannot be denied that he stimulates and suggests reflection, nor that on the whole his picture of society as it actually exists remains truer than the highly-colored and conventionalized representation which popular fiction supplies. The traits which are thrown by the ordinary novelist into artificial shadow are so numerous and important that their suppression amounts to falsification; and it is much to Ibsen's credit that he is content to paint the world as he sees it. Artists and men-of-letters are altogether too timid in their conformity to the prevalent standard of taste and sentiment—the divine average, as it is called, which is by no means the same as the golden mean. Freshness of observation and individuality of treatment are not so common as to have worn out their welcome, and Ibsen is doing much the same service for letters as the English pre-Raphaelites did in their day for art. His faults and theirs are akin, for in each of them the sense of beauty was subordinate to the craving for truth—the truth of facts, not the truth of principles. But in so far as they have gone directly to Nature for their inspiration, and have observed her with their own eyes, their influence has been wholesome. So then, while posterity may judge Ibsen by artistic principles only, for us of his own generation his works have a value of a special kind, much as though they were contributions to the stock of scientific knowledge. In this respect they are in accord with the whole movement of our age, and with all their faults of tone and construction they furnish a storehouse of materials, of which the genuine artist—who is always ready to take his own wherever he finds it—will not be slow to avail himself.

Our first disappointment over, we recognize the faithfulness to life with which the various personages are depicted. The brief descriptions of the physical characteristics of Brack, Lövborg, Hedda Gabler, Mrs. Elvsted, are in full conformity with their respective temperaments. How dramatic a contrast of types they furnish! Lövborg, the nervous, imaginative man of genius, full of sensibility, but weak of will, unstable, easily led astray; Tesman, the amiable, methodical book-worm, unversed in men and affairs, but a heaven-born compiler; Judge Brack, shrewd, sensuous, unscrupulous, for whom the world is a fine fat oyster, to be opened by fair means or foul; Mrs. Elvsted, timid by nature, brave through love, whose whole conduct is dictated by her affections; Hedda herself, the impersonation of egoism, a sort of languid she-Satan with limited powers, unhappy, ambitious, voluptuous, scornful, but loathing herself still more; Miss Tesman, the simple-minded maiden aunt, who finds her chief pleasure in unselfish activity—all these are sketched with a master hand. Most effective is the climax at the close of the third act, when Hedda consigns Lövborg's precious manuscript to the flames, leaf by leaf, gloating the while in fantasy over her hated rival, like a beautiful witch at her sorcerous rites. Her subsequent conduct and final suicide clearly indicate that other motives besides jealousy and wanton mischievousness have prompted her actions; a vicious craving for excitement and a morbid disgust with life, perhaps also a dread of impending maternity, have contributed their noxious influence. Hedda Gabler in fiction, like Marie Bashkirtseff in real life, is the poisonous outgrowth of luxury and atheism. She tempts poor Lövborg to his destruction and puts an end to her own worthless existence with the coolness of an old gambler hazarding a petty stake. Let Ibsen's views and tendencies be what they will, they carry their own antidote so long as he is true to his creed of realism. In 'Hedda Gabler' his favorite catchword of 'the courage of life' recurs more than once. 'It is the courage of life and the defiance of life that she has snapped in me,' says Lövborg, after his disgrace, and the phrase at once suggests Hamlet's 'Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all.' But Ibsen's 'courage of life' is the courage to persist in selfish pleasures, to follow the bent of one's temperament and the line of the least resistance—a strange and pernicious misuse of language. Yet nowhere will you find

a more forcible commentary on the text—'Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die,' than in the play of 'Ghosts' and this same 'Hedda Gabler.' Frankly, then, speaking for the mature and intelligent reader,—since Ibsen, like Thackeray, does not appeal to youths and maidens—we say that we do not care very much what heresies Ibsen may preach, if only he shows us the actual play of moral causation upon human souls. Let him give us the facts as he sees them, and we will draw our inferences for ourselves.

The translation is excessively colloquial, and the drama suffers from a looseness of style which amounts to slovenliness.

"Our Italy"*

THE ITALY of the soul has not yet been found. Poets have whispered of Hesperia and Avalon; of glimmering towers in the everglades of Yucatan; of the fountained plains of Idun and the shadows of Yggdrasil; of Circe's land and the far-withdrawn isle of smiling Calypso; where the soul should find rest and the body should grate no more on its unopened hinges. Many have been the searches for the twin paradise: the Castor-and-Pollux land equally benign to soul and body, the Eleusinian mystery where spiritual and corporeal functions were blent in radiant energy, and the sleep of the body is the replenishing of the soul—two urns perpetually ascending and descending as the buckets of a well.

One of these delicate enigmas Mr. Warner has solved: its name is—California. Wonderfully musical, no doubt: its very sound is like music, and its Spanish length and look communicate a subtle thrill, all the more penetrating as we read on and examine the illustrations and inhale perpetual summer from its pages, and see Italy, beautiful, spacious, benign, spreading out at our feet and looking, not on the Mediterranean but on the Pacific, an Italy hung like a golden châteline to the girdle of a state 800 miles long—as long, as far, as Chicago is from New Orleans! This brilliant patch of Southern California is the Italy of which Mr. Warner discourses so persuasively, an Italy whose accent is Spanish, whose civilization was Mexic. Here he has lately travelled, clinging like a lichen to the delicious gardens and vineyards as they lie clasped in circles of snow-peaks on one side, fringed on the other by the silver fret-work of the everlasting sea, a sea overlooked by curving beaches and picture-like hotels and halcyon in equanimity and flow. He does not touch 'Frisco' or Shasta: it is the Sicilian and Campo Felice part of California that he explores and caresses with his pen till one's rheumatic limbs ache to go there, and one's contracting lungs snatch automatically at the tropic scents of his chapters. These chapters read like the quotation from Börne in the forefront of Heine's 'Reisebilder,' in which the changes are rung on 'cloudless happiness' and 'eternal youth.' The garden-paradise of Southern California, the glory of shore and sky, the mantling wealth of flowers, the Homeric background of mountains in which the ever-hovering Mother Mountain—the Sierra Madre—broods over the landscape like an eaglet over her chicks; the gay, busy life that has dropped into this Spanish slumber-land out of quickest New England; the perennial succession of fruits cultivated for the most practical purposes but incidentally delightful features of the coast: all these weave tapestries of color before the imagination and one's feet and heart go pit-a-pat in symbolic anticipation of an immediate rush for the Promised Land.

With all this poetry Mr. Warner has mingled abundance of hard facts for intending immigrants: he has studied thermometers and barometers, questions of wind and water, fruit-raising and irrigation, sanitation and situation, and these are interlaced with the cantos of his poem as vines link together Italian and Vergilian elms. He has not spent a 'Summer in My Garden' for naught, and he gives us

graphic glimpses of the roominess of tropic California, and of its flora, its vast beaches, its exhilarating climate, and its huge reservoirs. Our reminiscences of California, as of Colorado, are of ever-drifting draughts; one is ventilated to pieces as if on top of Pike's Peak or in some Æolus tower. Mr. Warner skips airily over this detail and thinks Zephyrus a benignant god. One other drawback his California has: those who go there and fall under its sorceress-spell must stay there, even if they turn to swine. It is an Abraham's bosom for Lazarus if he will only stay; but if his lungs are smitten or his larynx touched, and he inhales the magic of that Southern air for a little space only, there he must abide in Sybarite captivity, the prisoner of a climate which will not allow him to leave it without retribution. So beautiful a captivity would be welcome to anybody but the captive, he, enthralled by disease, not by horizons and muscatelles and paper-rinds, is the slave of longing and may get restless to break his chains of roses.

"Japanese Girls and Women"*

MISS BACON, whose hereditary intellectual dowry is well assured, is a graduate of Vassar College and was a classmate of Miss Sternatz, now the Countess Oyawa, and wife of the Mikado's Minister of War. She has looked at the stained-glass window from within, and with abundance of light has deciphered the picture and legend from the chancel, and not from the street. She spent a year or more as a teacher in the land whose motto is 'Education is the basis of progress,' and has seen Japanese womanhood from the palace of gold and lacquer to the hut of thatch and wattle. In most sensible, womanly, sympathetic and winning style, she talks frankly and freely of her sisters. She begins with babyhood and shows what a lovely land to the child the country between heaven and earth is. She shows clearly the charms and defects of the traditional education, and the advantages and perils of the incoming occidental methods and fashions. Of marriage and divorce, of wife and mother, old age, life in castle and mansion, of the samurai and peasant women, her information is at first hand, and her comment and criticism original. She writes as a cultivated Christian maiden whose sympathy is interfused with a clear conception of the difficulties in the way of real reform. Her keen appreciation of the really excellent things in Japanese life and culture, and her equally clear insight into the vile and abominable elements which no surface refinement or polish can conceal, seem to have made her task one of mingled pain and pleasure. She knows the fascinations of the géi-sha or singing-girl,—that curious factor of social life in polygamous Japan, which is saturated with sensuality as well as with beauty. That the level of decency and comfort, the intellectual and social status attained by women in Christendom, will not be reached by her Japanese sisters until the géi-sha is eliminated she knows full well. Even from the darker problem of the woman whose head is full of tortoise-shell pins and combs and whose girdle is tied in front, she does not shrink. Her final chapters treat of women in the cities and in domestic service. She has an eye to the comic side of the question of mistress and maid.

The book is pleasing in its proportion of history, description and philosophy. The author has been aided by her friend Umé Tsuda, now in Bryn Mawr College. The volume has three hundred and twenty-six pages, is well indexed, and mounted in the best style of the Riverside Press. The snow and silver, or olive and white cover is stamped with the figure of a lotus leaf and stalk rising out of a running stream,—a symbol, as we read it, of the rising estate of the women of the Land of Sunrise. 'The white lotus springs out of the black mud,' is a proverb-prophecy of the happy estate yet to come which will make books like that of Pierre Loti's 'Madame Chrysanthemum' impossible.

*Our Italy. By Charles Dudley Warner. \$2.50. Harper & Bros.

*Japanese Girls and Women. By Alice Mabel Bacon. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Stevens Facsimiles. Vols. VII.—VIII.*

DOCUMENTS relating to the work of Dr. Franklin and Silas Deane during the French mission form the most interesting contents of Volume VII. of the 'Stevens Facsimiles of Manuscripts in European Archives relating to America.' The proposals submitted by the American Commissioners to the Count de Vergennes, relative to the transport to America of munitions of war in French vessels; a draft of a treaty of commerce between the two countries, and Silas Deane's proposal for a loan of two million pounds to be furnished by France, are among these papers. The admission of American privateers with their prizes into French ports was another subject which was often discussed. An abstract, by William Eden, of the events of the campaign of 1777 under generals Clinton and Burgoyne may be read in connection with the American Commissioner's account of some of the same occurrences. That the English were still thinking of some sort of accommodation with the new States is shown by a long paper in the handwriting of Paul Wentworth. Wentworth reappears as, probably, the 'Unknown' who met Dr. Franklin at night near the Place Vendome with proposals that the Colonies make the first step towards reconciliation; and other letters and interviews bring out the facts that the accommodation intended was to consist in an acknowledgment of independence and an offensive alliance against the French and Spaniards. The subject is resumed in Volume VIII., which, in some respects, is the most interesting yet issued. A paper addressed by M. Gérard to M. Holker, the French commissioner in America, 7 December, 1777, announces that, in consequence of the American victories and the stronger position of the patriotic party, France and Spain would now entertain propositions for more effectually aiding the United Colonies. A private letter from Paul Wentworth to William Eden, 1 January, 1778, shows that the former had for some time distrusted the American Tory spies, and he mentions a club of these gentry, at the Salopian coffee house, whose objects were to undertake fresh Yankees and to play into each others' hands offices and emolument. Vardell, Williams, Boyd, Traill, Williamson and White are among the names he mentions. The last had been Sullivan's aide-de-camp. In the same month M. Gérard's question, 'What is necessary to be done to give such satisfaction to the American Commissioners as to engage them not to listen to any propositions from England for a new connection with that country?' is answered by Dr. Franklin, who simply requires the conclusion of the treaty of amity and commerce between France and America which he had already proposed. Silas Deane was much more exacting. He required a guarantee by France and Spain of the territorial possessions of the Colonies and such others as they might gain during the war; that the two powers should participate in the war or furnish Congress with money to carry it on; he considered that a safe peace was not possible until all the British American possessions were conquered and the fisheries secured to the United States and their allies. A fleet of six or eight French men of war he thought would give the American people a certain prospect of a speedy end of the war. On June 5 we find a statement furnished to the Comte de Vergennes of the artillery stores which could be furnished to the Americans from Calais, Dunkirk and Douay. The 16 June is the date of an extremely curious letter from Charles de Weissenstein to Dr. Franklin enclosing a 'Project for allaying the present ferments in North America' and a 'great outline of the future government in North America.' De Weissenstein wrote, Dr. Franklin believed, with the authority of the king. His private letter is intended to be very flattering. Dr. Franklin is told that he is 'a Philosopher, whom nature, industry, and a long experience have united to form, and to mature.' The writer says of himself that he is an Englishman, but not an 'idolatrous worshipper of the *divine Rights of Kings*'; and he grants that the col-

onies have been provoked in every way possible. But he pretends that the French are only deluding the American envoys and asks them to 'recollect how the miserable race of Stewart was cajol'd.' He goes on to ask Franklin to write out his propositions and deliver them to a gentleman who will be waiting for them in the Choir of Notre Dame. This curious epistle was thrown into the grating of one of the windows of the house where the American envoys were staying, and was immediately submitted by them to the French Government. No action was taken on it.

Hutton's Essays*

ONE OF THE soundest, most candid, most even-tempered, among English writers at the present time is Mr. R. H. Hutton. He is a critic who can be trusted to speak with candor and judgment, with force and perspicuity. He has a mind not less philosophical than literary in its tendencies, critical rather than imaginative, but with a balance and many-sidedness truly admirable. His literary essays, known to the public for many years, appear in a third and revised edition. They have lost none of their breadth, soundness of judgment, and catholicity of spirit, with the lapse of years. When he writes of Goethe, Wordsworth, Shelley, Browning, Clough, Arnold, Tennyson, Hawthorne, or the poetry of the Old Testament, we know that he will say something that we cannot afford to pass by, and that he will give us new insights into these authors and their books. His volume of the theological essays is also in the third edition, though not perhaps so well known in this country as the literary essays. In this volume he writes on the moral significance of Atheism, the atheistic explanation of religion, science and Theism, popular pantheism, what is revelation? Christian evidences, the incarnation, and other subjects of a like nature. We do not find these essays so interesting or fruitful as those on literary topics; the style employed is harder and more complicated, and the thought seems to be less open and illuminative. However, Mr. Hutton has thought long and deeply on these subjects, and he says that which is entirely worthy of our attention. In a degree a disciple of Dr. Martineau, he writes with the same profound conviction on the great fundamental truths of religion as stated and maintained by philosophy. His essays discuss some of the leading questions raised in theology during the present century by men like Feuerbach, Renan, Mansel and Baur; and he defends conclusions at once progressive and affirmative, positive and radical. As a good illustration of this statement, take a sentence from his essay on the historical problems of the Fourth Gospel: 'To my mind, the genuine and candid portion (for no doubt there is much both unguine and uncandid) of the destructive criticism of the last half-century has far more tendency to open the real issues of religious questions, and indirectly, therefore, even to quicken faith, than the apologetic criticism by which it has frequently been met.' Such a statement as this, when made by one who is an earnest believer in religion, indicates a liberality and a fairness of judgment which are highly commendable. It is this candor and fairness we have always marked in Hutton; and he manifests them in a degree shown by few other writers. These are qualities of the highest importance to the critic; and because Mr. Hutton possesses them in a notable degree his books will stand the test of the searching investigations of time. He is never a polemic, for he is more concerned for the truth than for the label which has been put upon it. He fights his antagonists in full armor, and with the most resolute purpose; but he never seeks to win in the contest by unfair means or with weapons other than those which properly belong to the contest. He deals heavy blows, and gives the enemy no quarter; but he does not call names or expect to win in any other way than by hard fighting. His books deserve the attractive form in which they now appear, and the wider reading which it is sure to give them. Yet we are afraid his books are not read

* Facsimiles of Manuscripts relating to America. 1773-83. Vols. VII. and VIII. \$25 each. B. F. Stevens.

* Literary Essays. Theological Essays. By Richard Holt Hutton. \$1.50 each. Macmillan & Co.

to an extent equal to their merit. He has not the popular gift of making his thought easy and his treatment of it attractive. He is too strong a thinker, too subtle a writer, too profound a reasoner, to wait on those who read as they run.

Minor Notices

THE DELFSHAVEN Memorial enterprise, proposed by the Boston Congregational Club, has already called into existence a sheaf of editorials and controversial articles, now complemented by a pamphlet. The proposition is to 'raise some durable token of our appreciation of both hosts and guests,' *i.e.*, English Pilgrims and their Dutch entertainers. Dr. William C. Winslow of Boston prints as a pamphlet of twenty-four pages his address before the New England Historic Genealogical Society, March 4, 1891, on 'The Pilgrims in Holland: their condition, and their relation to and treatment by the authorities and the people, with special reference to the proposed monument at Delfshaven.' Dr. Winslow praises highly the Pilgrims, but seems to harbor a prejudice against the Hollanders. He quotes a number of irrelevant passages, which have been already overworked, as to the poverty of Robinson's congregation in Leyden. The emphatic words of Bradford, in 1627, to the Dutchmen in New York, which testify to the generous hospitality and kind treatment of the Dutch (pp. 7, 8) he explains away, and practically makes Bradford a Machiavellian diplomatist. In copying too closely those Congregational writers who seem determined not to acknowledge any favor received from the Republic, he falls into a tremendous blunder. On page 19 he says, 'The flight of Brewster indicates the kind of surveillance exercised over the Pilgrims by the State. For printing and publishing non-conformist books he fled for safety to some hiding-place in England,' etc. Now, as matter of fact, Brewster did nothing of the kind. He 'fled' to England to arrange for the exodus to America, and knew nothing, until much later, of the doings of Sir Dudley Carleton, the British ambassador, who was hunting out a man who had committed an offence for which he could have been legally extradited under the treaty. He was a Scotch parson, named John Tarbes, who had charged King James with perjury, and had otherwise written scurrilously of his sovereign in a book about the Perth Assembly and ecclesiastical rule in Scotland. So far, also, from its being ultra-sentimental in a band of exiles generously treated in the United States, to erect two centuries later (p. 20) a monument of their gratitude, this, like the actual erection of a statue to American liberty by the Jews in Philadelphia, and that of Liberty enlightening the world, will commend itself to mankind. The pamphlet, which is well worth reading, is published by the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society, Boston, Mass.

'MARIE LOUISE and the Invasion of 1814,' by M. Imbert de Saint Amand. In this volume, where Marie Louise once more appears as heroine, M. de Saint Amand describes with his usual vivacity the close of the Imperial régime. Here she appears no longer to be placed beyond the ordinary trials of humanity, but harassed with anxiety and doubt—clinging to the last, amid varying counsels, to the supposed wishes of her husband, and finding, too late, that she has mistakenly obeyed them and made the fatal error for which there is no redress. It is not so picturesque an epoch as others previously described; here are no accounts of high festivities; no rolls of distinguished names; no music of fêtes nor chimes of marriage bells celebrating unions which may decide the destinies of nations,—but in strong contrast to these, the ominous tramp of invading armies, the dull rolling of cannon, whispers of abdication, the silent stare of the crowd while the regency takes flight, and the anguish of—if not a broken—at least a suffering heart. It is all pathetic enough, in spite of an obviously retributive aspect, and the spectacle of those last days at Fontainebleau has been the inspiration of many an artist and many a poet. Marie Louise, whose surprising elevation and fall within the space of four short years has made her forever an object of interest, retires now into insignificance. M. de Saint Amand thinks her blameless in her conduct towards Napoleon up to this time, and considers the responsibility of her refusal to join him in Elba to rest entirely with her father. Nevertheless, on the day before he left Fontainebleau, Napoleon dictated a letter in which he said: 'I send you the report of an officer of engineers who has just come from Elba, you may show it to the Empress if you think it will interest her.' (\$1.25. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

'IN ORDER to be admitted to the select company of the enchanted,' writes John Bell Bouton in a book called 'The Enchanted,' 'one must be an enthusiast.' Therefore let us warn the reader that if he cannot rightly lay claim to that unearliest of qualities,

he had better, like the wary Finch (it seems that 'enchanters' abrogate the title Mr.), refuse to have anything to do with that company of enthusiasts. But if, in spite of our warning and the example of Finch (who was from Boston, be it remembered), any one wishes to enroll himself among its members we will explain what he must do. He must shut his eyes very tight and concentrate his memory and will intensely and then he will find he can 'see any quantity of ghosts'—but chiefly that of Uncle Gus. If the reader is successful thus far he can consider himself in trim to follow the peripatetics of Meldrum and Wadlow who betook themselves to any place on the globe where a story had been located that was worth getting 'enchanted' over—to Birnam Wood, to Kenilworth, to the Jungfrau, to Stoke Pogis. If the reader weathers the excitement contingent upon all these mental efforts, not the least of which was the conjuring up of the spectacle of Godiva riding on her palfrey through the streets of Coventry, he then has the privilege of uniting himself with the new Psychical or Enchanted Club. Let us suggest, however, that before he joins this new endeavor he brush up a little in English and American literature, especially Shakespeare, Dickens, Scott, Longfellow, Byron, Irving, Hawthorne and Poe, else he may find that he is out of touch with some dull but ingenious scenes. (\$1.50. Cassell Pub. Co.)

ONE WHO is content to be known by the single appellation of 'Cicy' has written an account full of sensibility and reverent affection of her friendship with that unique and beautiful personality, Dr. John Brown, and his sister Isabella. The writer was a school girl when she met Dr. John, who was then a practising physician, and his sister, who was at middle age, and, down to the death of the former in December, 1882, and to that of the latter in 1888, she was their neighbor and constant friend. There are more analogies between the life of the author of 'Spare Hours' and Charles Lamb than the existence of this brotherly and sisterly attachment, for, like Lamb, the genial human personality of the man himself seems to have made a place in the minds of men which his writings alone would not have insured. Exquisite as are 'Marjorie Fleming' and 'Rab and His Friends,' the latter as perfect prose as Lamb's 'Rosamond Grey,' it is more because of his human sympathy than of his literary expression that this Edinburgh physician has won an immortal place in letters. The little volume before us is rather touching than critical, but it contains three portraits, two of John Brown and one of his sister, so perfect in their way that they make the book of permanent value. (\$1.50. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

THE AGE OF Elizabeth offered to the adventurous a splendid and unequalled sphere of activity. Never in the future history of the world can opportunities present themselves which will give the navigator so boundless a field for excursions into the Unknown. A new continent, new islands, a limitless expanse of possibility! Into such vistas advanced the bold navigators of the sixteenth century. Francis Drake, created a Knight by Queen Elizabeth after his circumnavigation of the world, was born in 1545. Into the space of fifty years were crowded the adventures which made him the most renowned navigator of his time; the details of his life, the daring passage of the Straits of Magellan, and his part in the conquest of the Great Armada are familiar to every one. But in this volume Mr. Julian Corbett discusses the more secret history of his voyages, and the international part which he played in the reign of the great queen. The queen, as is well known, was fond of her 'little pirate,' and was particularly fond of the spoils of the Spaniards which he had the good fortune to bring with him from his Western voyages. But although Elizabeth did not love Spain, she was sometimes forced by political exigencies to discountenance any open infraction of Spanish rights in the Indies, even if the offender were her favorite Captain. This is brought out very distinctly by Mr. Corbett, who shows us how Cecil attempted to circumvent the queen and Drake in the famous voyage through the Straits of Magellan. Few books of adventure are so entertaining, and this volume can be heartily commended both to those who have and those who have not a tolerable knowledge of the hero. (60 cts. Macmillan & Co.)

PROF. W. K. BROOKS, of the Johns Hopkins University, is a man who has tongued oysters in five different states; spent months wading about in the Chesapeake, with his trousers rolled up, the better to make their acquaintance; has planted oysters, hatched them, reared them, opened, dissected and eaten them; and what he does not know about oysters, though it may be worth knowing, is, at present, beyond the bounds of human science. He has written a monograph on his favorite study, of which it may truly be said that it is more interesting and far better written than nineteen-

twentieths of current works of fiction; and that without prejudice to the truth, for he is not an oysterman. In seven chapters he tells of the anatomy, the development and the proper mode of artificially cultivating the oyster; of the over-fishing and neglect which are destroying the most valuable beds, and the legislation which may provide a remedy. His book is illustrated with some very clever lithographs and woodcuts of oysters in various stages and conditions of growth, and it should be read, as President Gilman hints in his prefatory note, by every oysterman, housekeeper, editor, legislator, dredger, shucker, packer, cooper, tinner and carrier in every state that looks to the Chesapeake Bay for its supply of oysters. It is obvious that there is a public for the book. We can say, for our part, that this is the book of books for that public. (\$ Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press.)—'OUR COMMON Birds and How to Know Them,' by John B. Grant, will be found a useful guide by the beginner in bird-lore. Some ninety birds, all of which may be found in the course of the year, in the neighborhood of New York City, are described, not with scientific exactness, but with sufficient accuracy to enable the reader to identify them. Sixty-four of them are prototyped from stuffed specimens and, though the taxidermist has not always succeeded in giving the look of life, most of these prints will aid the reader materially. The plumage marks, at any rate, are reproduced exactly, so far as black and white can be made to take the place of color. They are likely to be of as much practical service as any but the very best colored plates, such as Audubon's, and the price of those puts them out of the reach of all but a very few. Game birds, aquatic birds and the larger birds of prey are not included. (\$1.25. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)—'THE LIFE STORY of Our Earth,' by N. D'Anvers, is an account of the geologic changes through which the earth has passed, prepared for school use, with questions for examination and many diagrams and cuts of fossils. It is, if anything, too well packed with facts and seems likely to lend itself to the system of 'cramming.' 'The Story of Early Man,' by the same author, owing probably to its more theoretical subject matter, is written in a more connected and, therefore, easier style. A fair share of attention is given to the American mound-builders and cliff-dwellers. (40 cts. each. T. Whittaker.)

MR. CHARLES H. REEVE has published a work on 'The Prison Question' which contains some rather peculiar ideas. A large part of the book is taken up with irrelevant matters, such as attacks on the Christian theology, a materialistic theory of mind, etc.; but the main topic is the proper treatment of criminals. Mr. Reeve rejects and almost denounces the theory that criminals ought to be punished, and holds that the object of prison discipline should be the reformation of the criminal. He would have three kinds of prisons: 'a receiving and reforming prison, an intermediate and restraining prison for the unreformable but not vicious class, and the incorrigible prison for the hardened and irreclaimable.' All the worst crimes should, in his opinion, subject the offender to imprisonment for life; and wherein such treatment differs from what other folks call punishment we are unable to see. He thinks the criminal and vicious classes ought to be prevented from propagating their kind, and proposes legal restraints on marriage for that purpose. He discusses at some length the methods of reforming criminals in prison; but much of what he says on this point is already familiar. He seems, however, to have little faith in his own remedies, many of his expressions being quite pessimistic. He even goes so far as to question 'whether we have not reached the limits of civilization as an ethical force,' and expresses the fear that 'with a rapidity unparalleled in former civilizations we shall decay as rapidly as we have matured.' The whole book is marked by crudity of ideas and want of mental balance, and we doubt if it will be of any use to those actually engaged in prison management.—'APPERCEPTION,' by T. G. Rooper, is a little book on the acquisition of knowledge through the senses, and is written as an aid to teachers. The author does not lay much stress on the cultivation of the senses themselves, but shows the importance of thought and experience in interpreting what the senses give us. There is nothing in the book but what is already familiar to every student of psychology, but to teachers who have not studied that subject it may be suggestive. (50 cts. C. W. Bardeen.)—'LETTERS TO FARMERS' Sons on the Questions of the Day,' by Henry S. Chase, is a series of simple chapters in support of the 'single tax' theory. It sets forth the usual arguments, but without anything new and with no special force of reasoning. The subject has already been so much discussed, and in so many different forms, that there seems to be no particular call for this new presentation of it. (50 cts. Twentieth Century Pub. Co.)

THE SIXTH volume in the 'Adventure Series' is called 'The Log of a Jack Tar; or the Life of James Choyce, Master Mariner.'

The volume also contains 'O'Brien's Captivity in France,' the whole being edited by Commander V. Lovett Cameron, R.N. These books prove that all adventures do not belong to Africa—for they are full of thrilling perils by pirates, press gangs, imprisonment and captivity. Choyce begins his narrative in the year 1793, when at the age of sixteen he apprenticed himself to the Southern Whale Fishery and left his native land in the ship London. He continues it on through his capture by the French under Napoleon, and his subsequent whaling voyages down to his final return to England in 1822. He tells his story in quaint, forcible English, and it is illustrated with the drollest of woodcuts. Captain O'Brien was an Irish officer who fought for honor and glory, and though he was also taken prisoner by the French under Napoleon and suffered cruelly in their prisons, he was from his superior rank spared many of the hardships inflicted upon Choyce. Commander Cameron has prefaced the book by a slight account of the times and some sagacious comments on the value and accuracy of these journals. (\$1.50. Macmillan & Co.)

WHIST IN 90 pages is little short of miraculous, but such a miracle is wrought by Fisher Ames in his 'Practical Guide to Whist.' This little volume contains all that a lover of the game need know unless he is smitten also with a love of long commentaries. Even games must now be shortened to keep pace with the impatience of the age. A pocketful such as Mr. Ames's *libellus* contains is quite enough of rules for the whist-lover to run over; more would be too much, less would be too little. The game is taken, logically dissected, sorted into hands, treated from its formation through all the laws of etiquette, and carefully guarded at every point where a tyro would make a mistake. The lead, the first, second, third, and fourth hand, the sequences, the discard, the management of those unmanageable runaways—trumps,—the cut, the deal, the shuffle, the dummy: each and all have their biographies written so plainly that the veriest beginner can understand. A whist-club studying this diminutive volume chapter by chapter will soon come out perfect in Elia's favorite game, and the study will be both light and entertaining. As developed by a New Orleans man, Mr. Trist, modern scientific whist has been greatly simplified and improved. (75 cts. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

IT IS RATHER late to notice a book which was published more than six months ago: but in this case the old maxim, 'better late than never,' is certainly applicable, for we believe that it would be unjust to the readers of *The Critic* to neglect to call their attention to one of the most charming and really valuable books ever written in the line of popular science. Both for its literary quality and for its comprehensive summary of all the most important and interesting results in stellar astronomy, Miss Agnes M. Clerke's 'System of the Stars' is admirable—a book to be read with pleasure and profit by any intelligent person, and to be kept on the shelves for reference by such as feel a special interest in the subject. It combines accuracy, thoughtfulness, and picturesqueness in a remarkable degree. The author's strength lies, perhaps, rather in her wide reading and her clear and vivid way of putting things, than in her power of criticism and speculation. One might hesitate in accepting some of her conclusions, but her *résumé* of facts and her historical statements are beyond question—at least in a careful reading we have found nothing that seemed questionable. The book is brought squarely up to date, and one finds in it a full statement of the interesting, if not wholly sound, speculations of Mr. Lockyer, as well as of the latest remarkable spectroscopic results of Vogel and Pickering, and the photographic work of Common and Roberts. Its only serious fault is that it is rather costly. (\$7. Longmans, Green & Co.)

THE THIRTEENTH year of 'Appleton's Dictionary of New York' will not, we are confident, have the proverbial ill luck of the fated number. The new edition has been not merely revised but remade, and tests applied to many subjects show that the information is brought fully and concisely to date. The dictionary arrangement of a guide-book has many advantages, and what with maps, pictures and lists the wayfarer in our city can hardly ask a better pocket companion than this. (D. Appleton & Co. 60 cts.)

DR. C. A. BRIGGS has issued a second edition of his inaugural address, entitled 'The Authority of Holy Scripture.' The original handsomely printed pamphlet of eighty-four pages is swelled to the number of one hundred and eleven by the insertion of an appendix. In this Dr. Briggs replies to his anonymous and his other and more manly critics under four heads, *viz.*, 'Sources of Divine Authority,' 'The Barriers,' 'The Theology of the Bible,' and 'Progressive Sanctification after Death.' He bates not a jot of truth or argument as set forth in his former publications, but ex-

plains some points more fully. The style of the appendix, in force and strength, is fully up to the high quality of the main part of the address. To those outside the Presbyterian fold, who look beneath the heat and excitement of the heresy trials present and prospective, this publication is of more than passing value. It is a helpful guide in determining between things of the hour and things of the ages. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

London Letter

IN SPITE of the extraordinary weather, in spite of blasts of sleet and hail alternating with outbursts of fierce and scorching sunshine, London emptied itself for the usual Whitsuntide holidays with almost more than its usual alacrity last week. The bookstalls must have done a brisk trade all along the various popular railway lines; and if that idea of a bookshelf in every compartment on the automatic machine principle ever comes to pass, doubtless it will be at these holiday seasons that the chief profit will be reaped. How a poor paterfamilias, who only dashed into the train a few moments before it left the terminus, did fidget and groan till the happy moment came when he could obtain something to read, last Friday! Through common charity I offered him my own *St. James's* just obtained. He thanked me, and took it; but it could not long suffice him. He wanted a book—a novel—a solid something, wherewith to fill the five long hours of travel before him. Now would have been the time for the automatic bookshelf with its tempting volumes: he might have popped in his penny, and drawn out the novel of his choice; moreover, if it did not please him, he could have replaced it, and with the 'Open Sesame' of another penny have selected afresh. Each book in this automatic book club of the future will have its own penny slot; and to prevent thievery, each book will be printed on paper with a special water-mark, and bound with a special binding. It really seems as if a project like this ought to work.

But if Mr. George Meredith continues to indulge his fantastic taste and pamper his already pampered style as he has done in his latest story, he will hardly be the primary selection even of the cultured railway traveller. Mr. Meredith has great merits, as we all know, and it has long been the pride of his admirers—we might call them his enthusiasts—to aver that while his writings are *caviare* to the general reader, they are nutritious and excellent food to the superior mind. Nutriment, however, both for mind and body, may be so conveyed as to be almost impossible to swallow, and Mr. Meredith's tales, and very notably his new tale, 'One of Our Conquerors,' is written, it must sadly be confessed, in such a florid, inflated, execrable style that it would take a very much better story than the present one to atone for it. Story, indeed, would seem to be the very last thing the author aims at in 'One of Our Conquerors,' which is simply a theme on which variations of phraseology may be hung, after the fashion of Sir Piercie Shafton and other euphuistic dandies of the Elizabethan period. Here is a specimen. It is on the first page of the book, so it is not far to seek. A man slips down on a pavement, and we are thus informed of it. 'A gentleman noteworthy for a lively countenance and a waistcoat to match it, crossing London Bridge at noon on a gusty April day, was almost magically detached from his conflict with the gale by some sly trick of slipperiness, abounding in that conduit of the markets which had more or less adroitly performed the trick upon preceding passengers, and now laid this one flat amid the shuffle of feet, peaceful for the moment as the uncomplaining who have gone to Sabrina beneath the tides.' Madame D'Arblay writing Johnsonese without the help of Johnson could have done nothing worse than this: the great man himself, when rendering the simple English of his diary in which 'A dirty fellow bounced out of the bed in which one of us was to lie' into 'A man black as Cyclops from the forge arose from the couch on which one of us was destined to repose,' could not more cruelly have wrecked himself upon magniloquence.

'Disraeli and His Day' is a curious and fascinating work by the notable Scottish antiquary, Sir William Fraser. Sir William has long been the recognized authority in Scotland on all points connected with its ancient families, their claims, their customs, and their traditions. He has written the history of nearly every noble house, and has had access to many a sealed and jealously guarded charter chest. It is, however, if we mistake not, a new departure for him to compile a chatty volume of anecdote and reminiscence; and probably to this cause is due the somewhat unusual form of the present volume. Its five hundred pages are entirely filled with paragraphs; there are no chapters; there is but little regard to chronological sequence; and there is no classification of ideas. Nevertheless, the reader who takes up 'Disraeli and His Day' will feel no inclination to lay it down, open it where he will. It is too amusing, too entertaining. Sir William

is one of Lord Beaconsfield's admirers, viewing the famous Prime Minister in the light of a literary man; and he records with pardonable pride his own readiness in quoting the saying of one of 'Dizzy's' heroes to 'Dizzy' himself, together with the pleasure 'Dizzy' took in being so quoted to. 'Sitting next to him at Lord Shrewsbury's, cigars were handed round after dinner. He shook his head: and turning to me said, "The grave of love." I replied "Tobacco is the tomb of love," said Egremont, holding up a cigar. He looked very much pleased, and said, "I apologize; I thought the remark was original." Of such trivialities, 'Disraeli and His Day' is full. They do not count for much, but somehow one likes to read them; and when Sir William recounts that Lord Beaconsfield had been declared on good authority only to have laughed twice in his life, the second time being at a Ministerial whitebait dinner at Greenwich, when 'a very serious Scotch lawyer sang a comic song of his own composition,' one feels that there must be at any rate some true things among the anecdotes. No mortal man could resist a solemn Scot singing his own comic song.

Mr. Harry Furniss is very good in his Parliamentary sketches and descriptions in *Black and White*. Members and their wives and daughters, and for that matter 'their sisters and their cousins and their aunts' are all greatly edified with these little skits in which some humor or whimsicality which is barely sufficient for notice and yet which has been caught as it were on the finest point of Mr. Furniss's magic pen is held up to view and recognition. Probably it is this latter point which gives each jest its real value.

Black and White is also supposed to have done well with its reproductions of the Academy pictures; but to this I would say, compare them for a single moment with the *Pall Mall Gazette* issue of 'Pictures of 1891,' and they will not stand the test. The latter volume is simply incomparable. People are buying it to cut out the little beauties and frame them, or paste them into albums. *The Strand Magazine* is again very good, though it has not yet learned to be punctual. It seems strange in these days that such a complaint can be made. Even poor Murray's agonies, as detailed in 'A Publisher and His Friends,' on the same count, are scarcely comprehensible when it is reflected that a few whole numbers of a new periodical could be easily made up, before the world hears anything of its appearance at all. Then with this start, a steady *back draught* would keep the supply alongside of the demand without any undue strain. At least so it seems to such of us as have never tried.

A popular edition of Sidney Whitman's 'Imperial Germany' is to be out within the next few days, published by Mr. William Heinemann. This work brought the author complimentary letters from Prince Bismarck and Count Moltke, together with the approbation of such authorities as Prof. Goldwin Smith and Prof. Blackie,—so it ought to be perused by all interested in the subject. One of the Scottish professor's nicknames among his Edinburgh students is 'German Blackie,' from his fondness for everything connected with the Fatherland, and his knowledge of its inner workings. I am sorry to add that another of his pseudonyms is 'Daft Blackie,'—but as he tells this of himself, and that with many a merry laugh, he is probably not so 'daft' as he chooses to appear. Daft or not, he is still one of the brightest intellectual lights of Modern Athens, and one of the few links now remaining between the present and the past, yet to be seen traversing her historic pavements.

Miss Mary Grant, the well-known sculptor, has just unveiled a memorial tablet of singular beauty to be placed over the tomb of the youthful lady Anne Hadoway in the old parish church of Wootton, where the Dukes of Buckingham and their families have been buried for generations. This group of figures, in Carrara marble, represents the fair young mother taking her last look on earth at her little ones who, awed and wondering, surround her couch, ere she follows to realms above the infant who is being borne away overhead on angel wings, and whose birth has cost her own life. Nothing more beautiful has been seen among the studios this year. Miss Grant is well known in America, and one of her latest busts is that of W. K. Vanderbilt, whose thoughtful and refined countenance suggests anything rather than the usual association connected with the name. The possession of millions is not supposed to cast a pensive shade upon the brow, but Miss Grant's charming head is undeniably pensive.

L. B. WALFORD.

THE library of Windsor Castle contains about 100,000 volumes. As the Royal Library, which George III. got together at great cost and labor, was taken to the British Museum, his successor really founded the present library, which has several specially interesting characteristics. There is a magnificent collection of books on the fine arts.

Boston Letter

MRS. MAUD HOWE ELLIOTT'S next works are to be decided novelties from her pen; they will be plays. One is to be brought out by Richard Mansfield; for the other a prominent manager is now negotiating. Mrs. Elliott's mother, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in her noteworthy literary life has not forgotten the stage,—her drama of 'The World's Own' and her tragedy of 'Hippolytus' having been written some thirty years ago and one of them, at least, produced in New York,—so that it is natural for the daughter, who inherits so much of the mother's talent, both for literary and social success, to think of making an essay into the dramatic world. Richard Mansfield is essentially a Bostonian, and his chief success, after the 'Parisian Romance,' was the work of a Boston author, T. Russell Sullivan's version of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' Boston, therefore, will find as great interest as New York in the performance of 'The Man Without a Shadow' at the Garden Theatre next autumn. The play is a fantastic comedy, a fairy story for children and grown up people, and is founded on the old legend indicated by its title. Mrs. Elliott regards the central character as one in which Mr. Mansfield's many-sided dramatic talent will find excellent opportunity. The scene is laid in Germany; the time, the Middle Ages.

The second play by Mrs. Elliott is an adaptation of her own novel of 'Mammon,' published in *Lippincott's Magazine* two years ago last August. The drama is made as distinctly a story of American life as is the novel, and is decidedly realistic in treatment. There should be several strong scenes in the play. Readers of the story will remember especially that vividly-pictured mob scene where the shrewd, scheming McFarren, pursued by the crowd of angry men, after the closing of the bank, finds his only escape to be by the roof, and hastily slips down the fire-escape, while his devoted, though shoddy, wife holds the mob at bay with parley and with whiskey. The subsequent scene of McFarren's rescue by the very man who had been so long seeking to overthrow him, as well as the preceding episode at the bottom of the mine with the impatient, anxious Yankee Harry, prevented by force from warning his friends against the great act of fraud now threatening them, make dramatic pictures easily susceptible of realistic theatrical treatment. The moral of the story in decrying the worship of the god of riches, as compared with the god of worth, is one that will prove popular in the play-house, where, in spite of the lectures of the modern school of realism, there is always a gathering desirous of seeing virtue rewarded and vice punished in the old-fashioned, definite way.

Boston is to have the distinction of publishing the finest edition of Scott's novels ever issued either in England or America. Messrs. Estes & Lauriat have decided to issue the books in a set that shall be memorable for its artistic worth and, I am credibly informed, have not hesitated to plan the expenditure of a small fortune to attain the desired result. A representative of the house has already gone abroad, and Mr. Estes will sail on the 20th of this month to secure the services of the best etchers of France, and to arrange for photographic reproductions of the places made historical by the events of the stories. Three hundred illustrations will be made for this edition-de-luxe.

Yet all this expenditure of time and money is warranted by the demand of the public for works of this nature. For the thousand copies in the Scott set American readers or collectors will pay, in all, \$120,000. So anxious were they to secure the Dickens, Thackeray and Bulwer sets, which preceded, that the fifteen hundred copies of the Dickens series sold within thirteen months of their publication, the thousand copies of the Thackeray, issued last January, are now all gone, and of the thousand Bulwer sets, issued the first of May, but two hundred and fifty remain unsold. As the price of the last selling copies was raised from \$2.50 to \$3 a volume, this quick sale illustrates the readiness of the American literary public to expend money liberally for what pleases its artistic fancy—for unquestionably the purchaser who could afford sets of this cost would have already in his library an ordinary 'working' set of all the standard authors. I was curious to know where the chief demand existed for these editions and, to the credit of the West which we are so apt to characterize as wild rather than cultivated, found that one half of each edition was taken up by the agents around St. Louis and Chicago. The far Western coast called, however, for only five or ten per cent. of the entire number. In the South practically none have been sold.

Estes & Lauriat chanced upon this unexpectedly popular vein of literary desire without thought of its richness. A little more than a year ago they completed the five hundred copies of a Dickens edition which another publisher had found it necessary to abandon. On this they would have lost money but, seeing at once the eagerness of the public for that class of work, they added a second edi-

tion of a thousand copies. The quick sale of these led to the subsequent standard series, and now comes Scott to be followed later in the year by George Eliot.

Appropos of the discussion in recent numbers of *The Critic* regarding the literature of the West, it is worth noting that the Chicago Browning Club representative at the meeting of the Boston Browning Club, this past week, gave an instance which illustrates the phenomenal grasp which the young Chicagoan mind has upon the literature of the future. It was after Mr. George Willis Cooke had discussed the character of Pompilia and declared that Mrs. Browning was a far greater and more beautiful woman than this same Pompilia, that Mr. Jones of Chicago told his little story. In the basement of his Church he had been giving readings to the street gamins who could be induced to enter the doors of his Unitarian home. He read Uncle Remus and Hans Breitmann, and then ventured a poem by Browning—one might surmise from the result that it was 'The Ride from Ghent to Aix.' At the very next meeting the Arabs of the Windy City with one accord, when asked what they wanted to hear, pointed to the classical Browning works and exclaimed: 'Read more out of that fellow that wrote about the horse-race. He knows something!' In the face of this story vouched by a clergyman and a Brown-ingite, can we question the future of the literary West?

BOSTON, June 2, 1891.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

The Lounger

I HAVE received the following note from a reader of this column in reply to a Lounger paragraph in *The Critic* of April 4th:—'Mrs. Janet Carlyle Hanning, the only surviving relative of Thomas Carlyle, has given up housekeeping to live with her children. She resided with Catherine (Kate), the wife of the Rev. G. M. Franklin, until last fall, when she went to visit Margaret (Maggie), the eldest daughter, the wife of John R. Leslie, of Comely Bank Farm, Drumquinn P. O., Ontario, where she now is. She interests herself in her declining days with re-reading her brother's works, or reciting the reminiscences of her youth. She is in good health, and, for a lady of 77 years, is quite smart.'

YOUNG MEN who take up the profession of authorship with serious intent should be very careful how they cultivate the friendship of writers for the press. Injudicious paragraphing does incalculable harm. It gives the person paragraphed an overweening estimate of his own importance, and it prejudices conservative editors and publishers against him. For example, I find in a journal devoted to authors and their interests a sketch of a young man who has done some good work in literature, but who has yet to win his spurs. The article is by a writer who thinks he is doing the young man a service, whereas he is really injuring his prospects. We are told that Mr. X is 'an independent young fellow, not in the least afraid of shocking any one by expressing a positive difference of opinion; he really enjoys speaking in an unfriendly way of Harvard College, his *alma mater*, insisting that it represents the narrowest academic spirit and the negation of all healthy human sympathy.'

IS THIS A GOOD way, I wonder, to show one's independence of spirit—by speaking disrespectfully of one's *alma mater*? The friend writes that though this youngster, who was graduated only three years ago, is 'not pleased with Harvard men and things,' he is candid enough to admit 'the intellectual claims of the institution,' and has actually condescended to attach himself to it as 'a candidate for a doctorate.' This makes it easier for Harvard to bear up under the burden of his condemnation. Just now, it appears, this critical young gentleman is 'giving himself a comparative rest,' but he is 'preparing to write three or four volumes every year.' Mr. X's indiscreet young friend should do what Mr. X proposes doing—i.e., 'give himself a comparative rest'; if he were to make it a positive one, no one would complain. I fear, however, he is more apt to follow his hero's example in another respect, and turn out several volumes every year.

H. P. JAMES, Librarian of the Osterhout Free Library, Wilkes-barre, Pa., sends me this practical memorandum on a serious subject:—'I have just read your wail over the dust on the rough tops of uncut books. If you wish to clean them, and also to leave them a little rough, take the finest grade of sand-paper and rub them with it. If a piece is tacked on a bit of wood about an inch square at the end and three or four inches long, the work can be done very rapidly. I have treated uncut books in that way, and find it works admirably.'

A WELL-KNOWN New York writer has received a circular letter from a man whose name he does not know, written in behalf of a Broadway dealer in notions whose name is better known. It gives an interesting account of the founding of an art-department in connection with the other branches of the dealer's business—an 'experiment' which has been so successful that it has been decided to close the department and sell off the stock. As a curiosity of commercial literature, I make no apology for reproducing the greater part of the letter.

MR. ——— tried an experiment upon my recommendation and the result has proved his superior judgment. Last year I suggested that my 50 years experience as an Art Critic and Buyer here and abroad might be employed advantageously by allowing me to add a department of really good paintings of medium price. Mr. ——— gave me the chance but foresaw that his country customers wouldn't furnish an adequate outlet. A visit to Europe last winter resulted in a large purchase of signed oil paintings by young and ambitious men, who, I predict will have a future. The subjects are bright skied Italian land and sea scenes cheerful colorings—the frames are genuine hand carved wood, broad, massive, splendid, florentine carving. Also a fine lot of marble busts. The department is to be closed and the trade is hereby notified that the goods are to be sold regardless of cost or profit.

THE TITLES of the paintings are not given, but only their dimensions—in inches, I presume. Thus, 57x42, by Henry, \$38; 51x40, by Bresciani, \$23; 22x17, by Masini, \$7.50; 28x40, by Vasati, \$17; 32x34, by Henry, \$13; 50x40, by Mercadel, \$22. 'These paintings are all signed works—with the artist's name on a plate on the frame, and must not be confounded with the cheap American painted pictures which we can show you at from \$1.50 to \$6.50; large showy goods. You will find this a rare chance to secure bargains in really fine paintings which will retail at from \$60 to \$150 each.' I am so struck by 'this opportunity to buy really meritorious paintings at a lower price than they cost,' that it is with difficulty I refrain from revealing the dealer's name.

'HAVING had occasion to make the acquaintance, at second hand, of a large number of novels,' writes W. M. G. of Cambridge, Mass., 'I have been struck by the want of originality in plot and situation, even in those which, at first glance, are noticeable for the presence of that quality. Of the plot of what work, for instance, does the reader suppose the following to be a summary?—

A peculiar father is responsible for the peculiar infancy, education, and subsequent fortunes of the heroine. In despair at the loss of his wife, he rushes from the worship of love to an opposite extreme, in which he discovers, declares, and would fain propagate a philosophy which shall exclude love, and herewith suffering, from the human race. He is mad enuf to try the experiment in sober earnest on his only child.

Doubtless of the same work as that described thus:—

The tale is of a man whose whole interest in existence is so centred in his wife that on her death he becomes a pessimist. Sidney is his only child, and from her infancy he makes it his care to rear her in his own beliefs: chief among them, that love is the most monstrous mistake and irony in the universe, and is to be shunned as the most dreadful pestilence of life.

'It is not, however. The latter quotation related to Mrs. DeLand's "Sidney," which ran through *The Atlantic*, in 1890; the first to "Margaret Jerminé," both novel and criticism having been published in 1886.'

I HAVE LONG cherished a notion that the good ship Critic *might* have been named in honor of that clipper-built craft which was launched upon the tempestuous waters of American journalism a little more than ten years since. So when I read, not long ago, that she had been seen by the Saale flying signals indicating that she had been in collision, I dropped a line to her agents here, asking how the steamer happened to be called what she is. Their reply was disillusioning. 'The two initials of the word "Critic" suggested the name of this steamer,' they politely wrote, 'her owners having a fleet of vessels whose names all commence with "Cr."—as "Croma," "Crane," "Crystal," "Crest" and "Creole."'

Magazine Notes

IN the first three chapters of his new novel, 'The Three Fates,' in *Longman's* for May, Mr. Marion Crawford writes of Washington Square and of literary criticism for the newspapers with the assurance, in both instances, of the man who has 'been there.' Yet he makes his young critic sit down under the trees in the square, a thing which no one would be likely to do who did not wish to have caterpillars descend on him from the branches and fleas invade his person from the sand under his feet. But Mr. Crawford is not a realistic novelist. Neither is he such an idealist as Miss May Kendall, whose 'theory' is that the souls of Philis-

times shut up in the violins cause all the sobbing and shuddering anguish of these instruments. She, again, rhymes not so gracefully as Mr. Edmund Gosse upon 'Wall-Paper,' and Mr. Gosse draws us such dainty conceits from the roses on the wall as Mr. Lang fishes out of 'Some Old Angling Books.' A box of letters of Shelley, Coleridge and other great men furnishes Miss I. A. Taylor with material for an article on 'Autographs.' Cecil Warburton tells us 'The Latest about Spiders.' Dr. J. G. McPherson intimates that no dust, no sunset; Alpine sunsets are poor affairs, pale, weak and characterless. Thus Mr. Beattie is our true Golden Dustman, and we should thank him and his street-sweeping machines for the rich, orange glow that fills all the streets looking New Jersey-ward, of evenings.

Dr. Harrison Allen, in *Post Lore*, May 15, quotes Dr. Johnson's dictionary, Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning in an attempt to explain the difference between poetry and science. It is a Browning number. Mary M. Cohen credits the bard with Hebraic sympathies. The idea of God as developed in his poem 'The Sun' (Ferihtah's Fancies) is examined by Dr. D. G. Brinton. The tales of Iphigenia and Alkestis, their ancient and modern version are sifted through for old and new ideas of womanhood by Charlotte Porter. Helen A. Clarke writes of 'Musical Symbolism in Browning,' and sets to music his 'Ask not One Least Word of Praise.' 'Notes and News' are chiefly concerned with Browning, and there is a report of the proceedings of the Browning Society of the new Century Club.

'Play and Work in the Alps' seems to be all play and no work, if Mr. Joseph Pennell's account in the June *Century* is to be believed. It is true that some of it is about as toilsome, and perhaps nearly as dangerous, as baseball or cricket, but there seems to be more fun in crossing a couloir than in making a home run. The pictures to the article are excellent as Pennell's work always is. The Matterhorn is shown looking over lake and torrent, the author and artist breaking through an ice-bridge, and the 'Cobblers of Zermatt' looking very much at home on the magnificent cobblestones of their pavements. A phototype of St. Gaudens' fine bust of General Sherman follows an ode by the editor and a report of the General's last speech delivered at the Press Club dinner to Stanley, at Delmonico's, Jan. 31st. A very good and characteristic speech it is. Mrs. Constance Cary Harrison writes of the Byrds of Westover, Virginia, and especially of Col. William Byrd, whose 'elegancy of taste and life' is attested by his epitaph. Mr. Ernest L. Major's sleepy-eyed 'Spring-time,' recently exhibited at the National Academy of Design, is honored by being reproduced in a full-page engraving by Closson. In the current instalment of the 'Squirrel Inn' Mr. Stockton, or, rather, his delightful Mr. Tippetgray, treats of the preservation of modern literature—by turning it into Greek. Mr. Tippetgray, it may be mentioned, is just now at work on the 'Pickwick Papers.' 'A Miner's Sunday in Coloma,' if not Christian, is strikingly dramatic. 'Anecdotes of the Mines' are almost as good. The concluding extracts from the journal of the late Vice-President Dallas describe the Easter festivities at St. Petersburg; the spring floods in the Neva and among many anecdotes has one of Jerome Bonaparte and his enduring attachment to his first wife, Betsey Patterson. The Talleyrand paper is more interesting than usual, as in it the writer defends himself from the imputation of having advised the assassination of the Duc d'Angheim, and of having planned that of Napoleon. 'A Girl without Sentiment,' 'The House with the Cross' and 'A Spring Romance' are the stories of the number. There is a serious and well-written article, by Eleanor Field, which describes the life of 'Women at an English University,' to wit, Newnham College, Cambridge. There are cuts of Clough Hall and Sidgwick Hall, and portraits of Miss Clough and Miss Gladstone.

Prof. George Herbert Palmer's 'Reminiscences of Professor Sophocles,' in the *Atlantic* for June, is worthy of its subject, of the writer, and of the magazine. The scholar who had passed his youth among the monks of Mount Sinai, and his later prime and old age cramming American youth with Greek and—a more congenial task—his bantam chickens with white grapes and corn is a subject that anyone might be inspired by, but few, we will venture to say, could treat it so well. Sophocles had his national taste for simple but dainty fare. His meat he would cut into small pieces and roast on a spit. 'It bastes itself,' he would say. His wine was Corinthian, or Chian, or Cyprian, unresinated; the proportion of water due to each carefully distinguished. His sweetmeats came to him from his old convent on Mount Sinai, sewed in a goat-skin bag; and wine and fig-paste circulated freely around Cambridge while they lasted. He had terrific stories, seldom told of his ancestors; of his great-grandfather who coolly offered to the bravos sent to assassinate him a higher price for the head of his enemy; of his grandfather who was killed either by fear or by lep-

rosy, he did not know which. A contrast in death-bed scenes has been contrived by the editor by printing together Arthur Sherburne Hardy's verses, 'Iter Supremum' and Charles Henry Crandall's sonnet, 'The Old Dwelling.' The former is wild and fantastic; the latter peaceful and serene. 'A Widow and Twins' is an interesting account of a humming-bird and her young, by Bradford Torrey; 'A Town Mouse and a Country Mouse,' a bit of natural history by Rose Terry Cooke, more notable still, for the interest in it is human. 'New England in the Short Story,' 'What the Southern Negro is Doing for Himself,' 'Classical Literature in Translation' and 'On the Study of Geography'—a plea for better maps in schools and colleges—are readable and in various degrees important articles. The number opens with an essay by Mr. Carl Schurz on Abraham Lincoln. It is in the nature of a review of Nicolay and Hay's 'History.'

M. Francisque Sarcey's article on the 'Boulevards of Paris' and Mr. Andrew Lang's on 'Molière' in *Scribner's* will seem to the good American as a foretaste of Paradise. M. Sarcey describes the boulevard in all its aspects, from morning 'till night, from the church of the Madeleine to the Bastille, and the boulevardiers, past and present, and the king of all of them, past, present and to come, Aurelien Scholl. He is admirably aided by Jeannot's sketches, engraved by Henry Wolf, who might say for himself that he, too, 'has been in Arcadia,' as is shown by every touch of his graver. As for Lang on Molière, the essay should bring out in the next edition of 'Letters from Dead Authors' one from Molière on Lang. Mr. Wallace Gould Levison shows some photographs of luminous objects, extremely well produced. William H. Rideing writes of 'Safety on the Atlantic,' with pictures of icebergs and other dangers of the deep, by Carleton T. Chapman, M. J. Burns, and others. 'Parson Joye's Justice,' by Maria Blunt, and 'An Alabama Courtship' (concluded), by F. J. Stimson, are the fiction of the number.

Théodore De Banville

LA plus douce des voix qui vibraient sous le ciel
Se tait : les rossignols ailés pleurent le frère
Qui s'envole au-dessus de l'âtre et sombre terre,
Ne lui laissant plus voir que l'être essentiel,

Esprit qui chante et rit, fleur d'une âme sans fiel.
L'ombre élyséenne, où la nuit n'est que lumière,
Revoit, tout revêtu de splendeur douce et fière,
Mélécerte, poète à la bouche de miel.

Dieux exilés, passants célestes de ce monde
Dont on entend parfois dans notre nuit profonde
Vibrer la voix, frémir les ailés, vous savez
S'il vous aime, s'il vous pleura, lui dont la vie
Et le chant rappelaient les vôtres. Recevez
L'âme de Mélécerte affranchie et ravie.

A. C. SWINBURNE, in *The Athenaeum*.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

THE opening of the Metropolitan Museum on Sunday last was in every way a great success. It is estimated that over 15,000 people visited the Museum.

—It has been decided to erect Miss Lawson's statue of S. S. Cox on the open space opposite the Mercantile Library, where Astor and Lafayette Places meet. We beg the Committee having the matter in charge to reconsider their decision and place the statue of 'the postman's friend' on the other side of Third Avenue in the open space opposite Postoffice Station D.

The Washington Memorial Arch

THE following subscriptions were received by William R. Stewart, Treasurer of the Washington Arch Fund, during the week ending May 29, 1891:

\$100 each:—Mrs. Frank S. Witherbee (additional), D. S. Walton & Co., Mrs. Henry G. Trevor, Mrs. F. J. D. Lanier, William Man.

\$30:—The Misses Collins.

\$25 each:—John T. Willets (additional), Henry B. McDowell, Joseph Loth & Co. (additional), Frederic W. Stevens, W. R. Denham, Joseph S. Auerbach.

\$5.70:—Cash-box returns.

\$5:—A friend. \$1:—Arnold Hague Campbell.

Total subscriptions to May 29, \$104,138.59; amount still needed, \$11,861.41. Subscriptions may be sent to the Treasurer at 54 William Street, or to *The Critic*.

Robert Underwood Johnson

[*The Author*, the official organ of the English Society of Authors, publishes in its June issue the following article from the pen of Mr. Edmund Gosse, which we are permitted to give our readers simultaneously with its English publication.—Editors *The Critic*.]

IT IS ONLY natural and proper that English authors should wish to know more about the most ardent and active of those American friends to whom the passing of the Copyright Bill is due. It is no exaggeration, and it conveys no slight to other industrious promoters of the copyright movement, to say that, as Secretary of the American Authors' Copyright League and of the Joint Executive Committee of all the organizations supporting the bill, Mr. R. U. Johnson had more than any one else to do with the final victory. In signing the Copyright Bill, President Harrison used a large quill taken from an American eagle, procured for that purpose by Mr. Johnson, to whom the pen was then returned with the President's compliments. Not many authors possess pens that so well deserve to become heirlooms.

Robert Underwood Johnson was born on Capital Hill, Washington, D. C., January 12, 1853. He was named after his great-grandfather, Robert Underwood, one of the early settlers of Washington, and a mathematician of ability. His maternal grandfather was John Underwood of that city, afterward for many years a resident of Wayne County, Indiana, with which Mr. Johnson's paternal grandfather, Dr. Nathan Johnson, was also long identified, having been one of the original Abolitionists of Eastern Indiana. On his mother's side, the Underwoods and Ingles are of a Calvinistic strain, while on his father's side the Johnsons and Hoges who come from London County, Virginia, are of Quaker stock of a liberal type, and of marked literary tastes.

Mr. Johnson's father, the late Honorable Nimrod H. Johnson, in addition to his prominence in Eastern Indiana as an able lawyer and a just and discriminating jurist, was known among his associates for his wide and exact knowledge of history, poetry, fiction, and general literature. To him Mr. Johnson owes his literary temperament and predilections. After an ordinary high school education at Centerville, Indiana, where his boyhood was passed, Robert matriculated at Earlham College, an institution of the Society of Friends, Richmond, Indiana, in 1867. In 1871, at the age of 18, he was graduated from that institution as Bachelor of Science, to which the college in 1889 added the honorary degree of Ph.D. From college he went immediately into business as a clerk in the Western agency of the Scribner educational books at Chicago. After nearly two years of this work (including the year of the great fire) he became connected, in 1873, with the editorial staff of the *Century Magazine* (then *Scribner's Monthly*), a connection which still exists.

On the death of the editor-in-chief, Dr. J. G. Holland, in 1881, Mr. R. W. Gilder became the editor, and Mr. Johnson succeeded him as the associate-editor. This position he now occupies, with a large measure of responsibility, having also acted virtually as managing editor under Dr. Holland for a year in 1879-80, during Mr. Gilder's absence in Europe.

Mr. Johnson's literary work, in addition to his daily and exacting editorial duties, has been confined to editorial and critical articles and to verse. He has not yet collected his graceful poems into a volume, but has scattered them in the pages of *The Century*, *Harper's Monthly*, *St. Nicholas*, *The Christian Union*, *The Tribune*, and other periodicals. He is a member of the Authors' Club, the Century Club, and the Aldine Club of New York, and of the Civil Service Reform Association, and the Free Art League. Since 1883 he has been actively connected with the International Copyright movement, having been for several years Treasurer of the American Copyright League, and a member of its Executive Committee of five. In 1889 he exchanged the treasurership for the more responsible work of Secretary of the League, becoming by this office also Secretary of the Joint Executive Committee (of Authors and Publishers) which was in charge of the campaign for the Copyright Bill.

Mr. Johnson married in 1876 Miss Katherine McMahon of Washington, D. C., by whom he has two children (born in 1878 and 1880). He has one brother, the Hon. Henry Underwood Johnson, Richmond, Indiana, a lawyer of reputation, recently elected to Congress from the sixth Indiana district, and one sister, the wife of John C. Hall, of Minneapolis. His cousin, Mrs. Alice Williams Brotherton of Cincinnati, is well known as a writer.

In acknowledgment of his services in the International Copyright cause, the French Government has just conferred upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honor (Chevalier), and some of his associates in the Copyright cause have presented him with a handsome silver loving cup.

A Shakespearian Coincidence

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I think I ought to send you a portion of a letter I have received from a well-known professor of Verona. Professor Brunetta was at one time American Vice-Consul at Venice, and he has been very kind and helpful to a good many Americans passing through the famous town of Romeo and Juliet. He writes English very well, as you will see. The letter was apropos of a 'dictionary of Browning,' which he desired. He says of Browning:—'He loved our country and was beloved; so we must, if we can, read his works,—though he chose so horrid subjects and liked so much the sixteenth century.'

Then he goes on:—'You know almost all the great English poets were very fond of Italy. See how many Italian comedies and tragedies has Shakespeare, and he makes his Italians speak exactly as we, in fact, even now speak. When I read his Italian comedies I cannot help comparing his men and women to my friends and acquaintances, and sometimes I am astonished in hearing one of my friends quote Shakespeare without knowing it. A few years ago I went to pay a visit to a beautiful and fashionable lady. She was in her garden waiting for her carriage. An old general came to see her; she was putting on a long glove, and the general gallantly said: "*Ah perché non son io quel quanto?*" ["I would I were the glove upon that hand."] That is "Romeo and Juliet."

'A few weeks ago I met a Venetian, who told me that he was in great perplexity, for he had no news of one of his ships. As they brought on the soup,—we were at Masprone's [the principal restaurant in Verona]—he said; "*Ho perfino paura di soffrire sulla minestra, perché penso al bastimento.*" [Very nearly, 'My wind (or breath), cooling my broth, would blow me to an ague, when I thought what harm a wind too great might do at sea.'] That is in "The Merchant of Venice." And, though he is a Venetian merchant and his name is Anthony (Toni-Antonio), I am sure he knows nothing of Shakespeare's comedy.'

Is not this contemporary testimony to the local accuracy of our immortal bard of some value? I, for one, find it at least very pleasantly and entertainingly written.

NICE, May 10, 1891.

WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.

Why Not Correct This?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

It is assumed that the intelligent curators of the Astor Library are theoretically assured of the value of good ventilation. But the ancient and stifling air which habitually pervades both north and south reading-rooms, leads one who is glad to use the library very freely to the conclusion that in practice the desirability of ventilation is sadly lost sight of. Not seldom working in either of these rooms for the space of twenty minutes induces drowsiness which it is almost impossible to resist.

A STUDENT.

May 25, 1891.

As to Uncut Edges

[The Collector, March 1.]

The Critic seems to have brewed quite a teapot tempest with its remarks in disfavor of books with uncut edges. Viewed from the standpoint adopted by a good housewife in her domestic economy, these observations are valid. They express, in brief, the congenial feminine dislike for dust. I myself am a frequent victim of this amiable and well-intentioned mania on the part of my household, for I have never returned from a journey of a day or two but to find my womenfolk, with hoods over their heads and feather brushes and cloths in their hands, ravaging my poor library as if they had, revived in them, the vital sparks of Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper. Submission is the only safe policy under such circumstances, of course, and I wisely take my cigar and my dog out for a walk while the purificatory process is in progress. Still I remain a friend of the book with the uncut edge, and, if my experience goes for aught, those which I have had longest have suffered little of the ills against which The Critic complains.

The fact is, that what spoils books, whether their edges be cut or uncut, gilt, marbled, speckled, or plain, is not dust, but disuse. The sword that is never drawn is bound to get rusty in its scabbard, and the book that is never taken down from its shelf cannot but grow dusty there. To him who looks into his books once in a while, however, it is not a difficult matter to keep them clean. A breath blows the dust off, and so the harm is obviated. It is the part of wisdom, however, to use close book-cases, just as it is wise to cover pictures with glass. The difficulty with close book-cases has always been their inconvenience of access, but human ingenuity should be able to overcome this. Some day I shall have built an ideal book-case which I contrived long ago, and when I do I

shall be happy to place its plan at the disposition of The Collector's readers. Meanwhile, I remain faithful to the book with the uncut edge, because I believe in beauty, even if it be in an advertising pamphlet, and I never knew the knife of the binder, soever skilful, to improve upon the adjustment of a tasteful printer's page.

Keats's Letters to His Sister

[The Athenæum]

THE Trustees of the British Museum have just received a gift of unusual value and interest. The letters which John Keats addressed to his only sister, from the time of his sojourn with his friend Bailey at Oxford in 1817 until his departure for Italy with Joseph Severn in 1820, were carefully preserved by their recipient during a long life—one of them, however, having been presented to Mr. Locker-Lampson many years ago. The series was entrusted to Mr. Buxton Forman for publication in his collected edition of Keats's writings; and it forms one of the most interesting portions of that book, for these are among the brightest and pleasantest of all Keats's letters. That the holographs should be in national keeping was greatly to be wished; and the children of the late Señora Llanos (Fanny Keats) have merited well of the nation in deciding to present a collection of this priceless character to the British Museum. Two of their uncle's letters are retained as an heirloom in the hands of the family; two have been presented as a memento to Mr. Buxton Forman; and the one already referred to remains in the Locker-Lampson collection. The number given to the Museum is forty-two. The known value of these holograph letters was not by any means a matter of indifference to Señora Llanos's family, who could ill afford the loss of the Civil List pension which died with the poet's sister. But they were determined that, so far as they could provide against it, there should be no traffic in letters which they had been taught to regard as sacred. They have adopted the right means to that excellent end, and their high-spirited rectitude should be held in respectful memory.

Current Criticism

WIVES AS WRITERS.—It seems an interesting coincidence that Mrs. 'Stonewall' Jackson should be in New York arranging for the publication of the memoirs of her husband, the distinguished Confederate general, at this time when the memoirs of Jefferson Davis by his widow have just appeared. The literary ability of the wives of great men is evidently not generally known until they become widowed. Mrs. Grant, it is said, will soon have ready for the publisher what she knows about the life of her distinguished husband, and there has been a great deal of talk about Mrs. Sheridan's book on her gallant husband. The family of General Sheridan still refuse to put his private papers on the market, but no soldier's widow, when that soldier has filled a great place in the history of his country, need of a surety to be discouraged in undertaking to publish his memoirs after the wonderful reception Mrs. Davis's book has met with everywhere. Mrs. Jackson is a rather portly, modest and exceedingly intelligent little lady, whose only daughter, Julia, was married not long ago, and who has no household cares now to prevent her devoting the remainder of her life to the memory of 'Stonewall' Jackson.—Chicago Post.

A PROFESSION OR A TRADE?—A certain barrister of some note, who makes about a thousand a year by his novels and stories in addition to his professional earnings, is said to have filled up his last income-tax schedule as follows:—Profession, Law—so much; Trade, Literature—so much. True or not, we are here face to face with one fact which has been recognized ever since the opening of Grub Street, and with another not perhaps so generally known. That literature, or rather writing, for nearly two hundred years now, has been followed as a trade by hosts of needy or prosperous scholars and others, all the world knows. Does it know also that those who take cheerfully to writing as a trade, and nothing else, are often the very men who, from their circumstances, might be expected to produce literature? The ever-increasing numbers, ambitious of literary distinction, who flock to London yearly, to become hacks and journalists, regard the work by which they gain a livelihood as a mere industry, a stepping-stone to higher things—alas! a stepping stone on which the great majority of them have to maintain a precarious footing all their lives. But they do not choose the inferior work that pays: they offer, or they think they offer, the public, through the publishers, bread; but the public—still the thought of the hack—wants stones, and these they are forced sorrowfully to supply. What wonder if they sometimes take to laying about them with scorpions! And what wonder if they often accept their fate and become fat and flourishing! In most cases it is the men with some leisure and sufficient, if not

large, incomes who deliberately choose to produce stories. Being well-to-do, they appreciate the value of money more than the hack, and are consequently utterly indifferent to the quality of their work so long as it suits the popular purse. If the public will have chicory instead of coffee, what concern is that of theirs? 'Literature is a trade,' they say; 'because we follow it, and make it pay, too.' To them a syllogism is only a figure of speech, to be mixed, like metaphors, and 'exhibited' when required.—*The Speaker*.

A CRITIC ON CRITICISM.—Not only do I not question in literature the high utility of criticism, but I should be tempted to say that the part it plays may be the supremely beneficent one when it proceeds from deep sources, from the efficient combination of experience and perception. In this light one sees the critic as a real helper of mankind, a torch-bearing outrider, the interpreter *par excellence*. The more we have of such the better, though there will surely always be obstacles enough to our having many. When one thinks of the outfit required for fine work in this spirit, one is ready to pay almost any homage to the intelligence that has put it on; and when one considers the noble figure completely equipped—armed *cap à pie* in curiosity and sympathy—one falls in love with one's conception. It certainly represents the knight who has knelt through his long vigil, and who has the piety of his office. For there is something sacrificial in his function, inasmuch as he offers himself as a touchstone. To lend himself, to project himself and steep himself, to feel and feel till he understands, and to understand so well that he can say, to have perception at the pitch of passion and expression in the form of talent, to be infinitely curious and incorrigibly patient, with the intensely fixed idea of turning character and genius and history inside out—these are ideas to give an active mind a higher program and to add the element of artistic beauty to the conception of success. Just in proportion as he is sentient and restless, just in proportion as he vibrates with intellectual experience is the critic a valuable instrument; for in literature, assuredly, criticism is the critic, just as art is the artist; it being assuredly the artist who invented art and the critic who invented criticism, and not the other way round.—*Henry James*.

Notes

THE CENTURY CO.'s autumn list of new publications will include George Kennan's 'Siberia and the Exile System,' to be issued in two volumes with much matter not printed in *The Century*, and brought down to date, and with illustrations, maps and full indexes; 'The Women of the French Salons,' by Amelia Gere Mason, a beautiful holiday book, to be printed in two colors; 'The Land of the Lamas,' travels in Tibet, by W. Woodville Rockhill, illustrated, and with maps, statistics, indexes, etc.; Frank R. Stockton's 'The Squirrel Inn,' now appearing in *The Century*, illustrated by A. B. Frost; 'Lady Jane,' by Mrs. C. V. Jamison, illustrated by Birch, the artist of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' which, like 'Lady Jane,' was first published in *St. Nicholas*; and 'Marjorie and her Papa,' by Lieut. Robert H. Fletcher of San Francisco, another popular serial in *St. Nicholas*.

—Lord Randolph Churchill takes but two books with him on his expedition to South Africa—Shakespeare and Molière.

—The July number of *Harper's Magazine* will be made especially attractive by the beginning of a new serial from the pen of W. D. Howells called 'An Imperative Duty,' and a biographical and critical essay on Oliver Wendell Holmes, by George William Curtis. A portrait of Dr. Holmes will be the frontispiece of the number.

—Mr. William Morris's "Story of the Glittering Plain," the first work which has emanated from his Kelmscott House Press at Hammersmith, is a wonderful example of book production which should delight all true bibliophiles, says the *Publishers' Circular*. The whole has been carried out under Mr. Morris's direct supervision and from his own designs, and is likely to become one of the chief literary treasures of the century.

—A new book of travels by Mrs. Bishop (Miss Isabella Bird), entitled 'Winters' Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan, with a Summer in the Upper Karun Regions, and a Visit to the Rayah Nestorians,' will be ready soon.

—Several interesting and important new leaflets are to be added to the general series of 'Old South Leaflets,' published by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. They include the 'Petition of Right,' presented by Parliament to King Charles in 1628, 'The Grand Remonstrances,' 'The Solemn League and Covenant,' which gave the name of 'Covenanters' to the Scottish Protestants, 'The Agreement of the People,' 'The Instrument of Government,' under which Cromwell began his government, and 'Cromwell's First Speech to his Parliament.'

—'The London publication of *The Nineteenth Century* is,' says *Harper's Weekly*, 'about to change hands. On and after the 1st of September it will be issued by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., the well-known publishers of St. Dunstan's House. Arrangements are also in progress for the issue of a special edition in this country from type set here, in accordance with the requirements of the new copyright law. The American edition will, of course, be an exact reproduction of the English edition.'

—'John Howard,' by James S. Ellis, is the latest volume in Whittaker's new series, 'Men with a Mission.'

—Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will shortly publish 'Studies of the Gods in Greece at Certain Sanctuaries Recently Excavated,' by Mr. Louis Dyer, formerly assistant Professor in Harvard University. The book represents a course of lectures delivered by Mr. Dyer at the Lowell Institute, Boston; but the material has undergone very thorough revision, and notes and appendixes have been added on special points.

—Mme. Paul Blouet, the wife of the well-known writer and lecturer, Max O'Rell, will accompany her husband on his next lecturing tour, which will be through Australia, and which will commence in September next.

—The 'Guide Book to Books,' which is announced by Mr. Henry Frowde, is edited by Messrs. E. B. Sargent and Bernhard Wishaw. 'The total number of books on all subjects recommended in the "Guide,"' according to the *Publishers' Circular*, 'is about six thousand, and these have been very carefully selected by more than a hundred specialists, many of them of the highest eminence. "The Guide Book" is arranged alphabetically by subjects, and gives, in addition to the titles of books, the prices, and in many cases brief descriptive notes. It thus attempts to supply just that information about the books best worth consulting which has hitherto only been obtainable by personal application to an expert.'

—*The National Review*, heretofore published in London by W. H. Allen & Co., will be published hereafter by Mr. Edward Arnold.

—A French journal states that the sale of Victor Hugo's works still continues to be very large. During the past five years the proceeds from his various works have amounted to 1,483,373 francs, excluding the sale of the Guillaume edition of 'Notre Dame' and the 'Oeuvres inédites.'

—In the June number of *The Political Science Quarterly*, Prof. Burgess of Columbia College discusses the international and constitutional questions raised by the recent controversy with Italy. He holds that a foreign government whose subjects have been wronged is entitled to demand that the United States Government should initiate proceedings against the wrong-doers in the United States courts. He finds that the constitution vests in the Federal Government the power to do this, but that Congress has not passed the necessary statutes to make this power effective.

—The first novel of that most popular of Southern story writers, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, is just published by the Scribners. The scene is laid in Virginia, the days 'befo' the war,' and the characters are the typical ones common to the time and place.

—The Spenser Society of London has just issued a reprint of Drayton's 'Poemes Lyrick and Pastorall,' printed by R. B. for N. L. and J. Flasket, without date. This collection—of which only two copies are said to be known—is dedicated to Sir Walter Aston. In the Utterson sale the original brought 16*l.* 15*s.* It contains the 'Odes,' 'Eglogs,' and 'The Man in the Moon.'

—Among the publications of Harper & Brothers early in June will be the following:—'Jinrikisha Days in Japan,' by Eliza R. Scidmore; 'Unhappy Loves of Men of Genius,' by Thomas Hitchcock; 'A Group of Noble Dames,' by Thomas Hardy; a new popular edition of W. C. Prime's 'I Go a-Fishing,' and a library edition of H. Rider Haggard's 'Eric Brighteyes.'

—Rev. Dr. William C. Winslow's pamphlet, 'The Pilgrim Fathers in Holland' (1608–1620), has gone to a second edition. It is published by the Congregational Publishing Society of Boston and Chicago.

—A cablegram from Paris dated May 31 informs us that on Tuesday Minister Reid received his instructions in relation to international copyright under the new law as it affects France. On Wednesday he laid his letter before M. Ribot, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and on the same day a personal interview followed in which Mr. Reid explained to M. Ribot the requirements of the American law on the subject and asked for an early official statement regarding the French laws. On Saturday M. Ribot replied, forwarding a summary of French legislation regarding copyright, with copies of decrees for examination by the President before issuing his proclamation on July 1.

—Professor A. L. Perry, of Williams College, who has just resigned his chair, published his first free-trade treatise in 1866. A new edition of his famous 'Political Economy' was published last year. He was pitted against Horace Greeley in a series of public tariff debates in 1868 and 1869.

—Edna Lyall, the novelist, has been obliged to give up all literary labor on account of poor health, and is spending the summer in the lake districts of Italy.

—Walt Whitman's seventy-second birthday was celebrated by a dinner at his home in Camden on the 31st of May. Forty guests sat down at the table and were entertained during the evening with selections read by the poet from his own works. Letters of congratulation were received from Lord Tennyson, E.C. Stedman and others.

—Macmillan & Co. have just ready Mr. Marion Crawford's new tale 'Khaled,' an Arabian story and a new novel of Australian life by Rolf Bolderwood, 'He fell Among Thieves.'

—The late Prince Napoleon left more than five trunks full of important papers. Mr. Frederick Masson is to edit them, and will endeavor to make his work rather a history than a volume of memoirs, and to bring out the true character, plans and hopes of the Prince.

—A biography of Patrick Henry will be issued in the autumn by the Scribners, the author being a grandson of Henry's and a relative of William Wirt, author of a life of the statesman, long out of print, William Wirt Henry, who, in writing this 'Life, Correspondence and Speeches of Patrick Henry,' has had access to a mass of material that was not consulted by William Wirt.

—Mrs. Sutherland Orr, in the preface to her 'Life of Robert Browning,' which was issued last week by Roberts Brothers, says: 'For my general material I have been largely indebted to Miss Browning. Her memory was the only existing record of her brother's boyhood and youth. It has been to me an unfailing as well as always accessible authority for that subsequent period of his life which I could only know in disconnected facts or his own fragmentary reminiscences. It is less true, indeed, to say that she has greatly helped me in writing this short biography than that without her help it could never have been undertaken.'

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

ANSWERS

1617.—I. The line is found in a sonnet by Matthew Arnold entitled

'To a Friend.' The reference is evidently to the old Greek Poet Sophocles (not Goethe as you state):—

But be his
My special thanks,
Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole;
The mellow glory of the attic stage,
Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child.

C. B.

[Several other correspondents give us the same information.]

QUESTIONS

1619.—Can you give me any clue to the authorship of the following lines:—

John and Peter and Robert and Paul,
God in his wisdom created them all.
John was a statesman and Peter a slave;
Robert a preacher and Paul was a knave.

LANSING, MICH.

M. C. S.

Publications Received

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

- | | |
|---|---------------------------|
| Altken, E. Elementary Text-Book of Botany. \$1.50..... | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Anthony, E. Story of the Empire State..... | Chicago Legal News Co. |
| Barrett, J. A. Evolution of the Ordinance of 1787. \$1..... | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Belot, A. Mlle. Giraud..... | Chicago: Laird & Lee. |
| Birch, E. J. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. 35c..... | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Bristol, E. L. M. Rainy Days and Other Poems..... | M. J. Roth. |
| Farnell, G. S. Greek Lyric Poetry. \$5..... | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| George, H. Protection or Free Trade? 25c..... | H. George & Co. |
| Haritzell, J. H. Application and Achievement. \$1.50..... | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Hewitt, W. Elementary Science Lessons. 50c..... | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Hillern, W. v. Eber als die Kirche. 50c..... | Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. |
| Houghton, L. S., and M. French by Reading. \$1.25..... | Boston. D. C. Heath & Co. |
| Howard, J. Henry Ward Beecher. 75c..... | Fords, Howard & Hulbert. |
| Howells, W. D. April Hopes. 75c..... | Harper & Bros. |
| Hume, M. A. S. Chronicle of King Henry VIII. 60c..... | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Lewes, G. H. Principles of Success in Literature. 50c..... | Boston: Allyn & Bacon. |
| Lodge, H. C. Historic Towns. Boston. \$1.25..... | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Miller, W. Latin Prose Composition. P. 2. 60c..... | Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. |
| Orr, Mrs. S. Life and Letters of Robert Browning. 4 vols. \$3..... | Houghton, Mifflin & Co. |
| Osborne, G. A. Differential and Integral Calculus. \$2..... | Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. |
| Parsons, S. Jr. Landscape Gardening. \$3.50..... | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Peck, W. Handbook and Atlas of Astronomy. \$5.50..... | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Perry, G. P. Calendar and Chart. 75c..... | Hunt & Eaton. |
| Protheroe, E. Unseen Passages for Dictation, Reading and Composition. 12. 6d..... | London: Moffatt & Paige. |
| Ricardo, D. Political Economy. \$2..... | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Ritchie, F. First Steps in Greek..... | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Seyffert, O. Dictionary of Classical Antiquities. \$6..... | Macmillan & Co. |
| Shakespeare, W. The Taming of the Shrew. Ed. by H. H. Crawley. 35c..... | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Shakespeare, W. The Tempest. Ed. by A. C. Liddell. 35c..... | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Shakespeare, W. Antony and Cleopatra..... | Duprat & Co. |
| Taners, K. For King and Fatherland. Ed. by E. P. Ash. 75c..... | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Thompson, H. Food and Feeding. \$1.25..... | F. Warne & Co. |

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